



## Original Poetry.

### ATTUNE THOUGHTS.

BY FAITH.

There is a strange, sweet hush in these  
The early days of fall, ere yet the frost  
Has come to touch and tinge the rich deep green  
Of summer foliage with those brighter hues  
That, for a season, so delight the eye.  
The verdant earth still glows with summer's kiss,  
And still the cattle seek the cooling shade:  
Yet there's a change—a calm. The joyful birds,  
That through the spring and early summer made  
Each tree and grove with music eloquent,  
Have winged their flight to other climes, where  
spring

Hath a perpetual dwelling, and the constant hum  
Of insect life around,—the cricket's drone,  
The locust's cry of "flow, flow, bringing down  
To this far age the memory of him  
To whom 'twas sent in judgment—all the count-  
less sounds  
That fill a country solitude with life,  
Seem stilled and distant; even the wanton breeze,  
Forgetful of its frolics in the early spring,  
Stays listlessly amid the boughs, as though  
It were a toil to lift the broad, thick leaves.  
The steadily green, that for a short week  
Swayed in the summer air its tasseled head,  
Now yellow, ready to be gathered, stands,  
Giving fair promise of a harvest rich.  
The delicate flowers that round our pathway  
sprung  
While yet the year was young, have vanished  
now.

And in their stead the stronger dahlias rear  
Their many-colored blooms. Chrysanthemum buds  
Are bursting into beauty; and in distant glades  
The tall lobelia, with its crimson spike,  
Gleams like a flame within the autumn woods.  
It is the very glory of the year;  
And nature, wearied, pauses to enjoy  
Her perfect work.

The sunny minds of one who stands in strength  
Of perfect manhood; one whose early days  
Were spent in sorrow for his later life.  
A goodly seed, with anxious care he plucked  
Each noxious weed, that might have checked the  
plant  
He wished should flourish. Carefully he watch-  
ed.

Nor once forgot a blessing from on high  
To crave on all his work. Nor did he slight  
The blessings given him then; each joyous  
song.

Inaudible, save to the quicker sense of those  
Whose spirits are not numbed by frequent grief,  
He heard and treasured. Every tiny flower  
That blossomed at his side, he noted well,  
Nor lost its fragrance; and in visions oft,  
Even now, he hears those long gone melodies,  
And memories of those faded blossoms come  
With a surpassing sweetness to his heart.

So was he fitted to endure the toll  
Of middle life; and as each flower faded,  
He looked onward with a firmer faith  
Unto another spring, when they should bloom  
With greater beauty, in a brighter land.  
Nor did he tire in scattering blessings round  
On all he met, and now their blessings rest  
With tenfold richness on his happy head.

So lived a noble man; and now ere age  
Has taken from his manhood one bright grace  
He stands in his perfected vigor far  
Above his fellows; goodness made him great.  
Above the petty strifes and moods of the earth  
A calm from heaven attends his steps below.

And though the joys that others planted for  
him  
Have faded long ago, the plants he reared  
Are blooming brightly; waiting, it is true,  
The fragrance that his loving hand imports  
To all its acts; but stronger to endure  
The chilling blasts of autumn, than the sweet  
But fragile flowers that bloomed in earlier days.

Who would not wish, if choice were given him  
then,  
To die, ere from his side the winter winds  
Have swept these last bright blossoms; ere yet the  
leaves

Of many griefs have dimmed his once bright eye,  
And choked his voice with sorrow's utterances?  
Oh! who would wish to struggle shivering on  
Through life's dark winter, when his joys are  
few.

And he alone must meet his howling blasts?  
Yet wintry storms are often sent in life  
By God's wise dealing, ere the summer fruit  
Has reached perfection; and the autumn flowers  
Bloom not; and to the sorrowing heart there  
comes

A winter, such as age can never bring.  
So does the All-wise often teach the heart  
To lean in him alone. And as we see  
A genial winter, when the cooling breeze  
Has checked the heat through summer's long  
bright days,

So he whose hand of promise God has plucked,  
Lives but for him alone, and scatters round  
Blessings innumerable on all the world.  
Port Penn, Del.

## Original Story.

Written for the Middletown Transcript.

### SELF-SACRIFICE.

A THRILLING LOVE STORY.—BY ELISE.

RUTH HOWARD was sitting in the old-fashioned window-seat, leaning her white arm on the sill. She was thinking; and there was a happy expression in her hazel eyes and the shadow of a smile hovered round her red lips. The window framed a very pretty picture at least so thought Ernest Stirling, as he came slowly up the drive leading to the house he saw her through the jessamine which covered the old porch.

"What is she thinking about, I wonder!" he murmured half unconsciously, and then he fell to imagining how her red lips would part with a smile of welcome at his coming, and her hazel eyes grow brighter. This brought him to the house, but by this time Ruth had disappeared—probably to "prink" a little, as she had seen her visitor all the time, though she looked so abstracted.

She looked so cool and sweet in her blue cambric, with the sun-beams making her nut-brown hair, a redish gold—that I am afraid that Mr. Stirling's heart, though irretrievably mortgaged before, was now thoroughly held in "chains of bondage, links of golden love." While they are talking—common-places with their lips—but their eyes saying unutterable things—let me tell you something about my heroine. Ruth is paying a summer visit to her grandmother in this old-fashioned country place. She has been here for two months already, and still has no idea of returning home, to the hot and dusty city where she lives.

But what is Ernest saying?—And why does Ruth look so painfully blushing? It is the "old, old, story told again,"—

and though so old, 'tis new to Ruth. All her ideas of such things are gathered entirely from the novels, with which her little head is very well filled—tho' not so much that there is no room for more solid reading. Still her bright eyes express what her lips refused to utter, and Ernest Stirling knows that he is unespeakably happy.

A week after this occurrence Ruth had her pretty eyes all swollen and red with weeping. My darling, I shall only be away a month or two, and you know I am going that I may be able to have you for my own wife Ruth, "he had said, and his own wife Ruth, and she now had all his letters to look forward to. They came regularly every three days and Ruth was very happy reading those dear letters and answering them. Ruth's grandmother was one of those old people who, though their health may fail and eyes grow dim, still retain their hearts, fresh and as joyous as in their youthful days. I believe she enjoyed seeing Ruth's happiness, as she had her own, and the long talks which they had together, were equally pleasant to both. Ruth's only friend near was a young girl of about her own age, and they were tenderly attached. Annie Hall, however, was in every way a contrast to her friend. Her coquettish blue eyes light frizzed hair and her tout ensemble showed her character. She was a little butterfly and flirt, and had graduated in *affaires de coeur*, while Ruth, she said, was "sweet simplicity itself."

One sunny morning in September these two girls were seated in the garden of Annie's house.

"Ruth, have I told you that my brother George is to be here to-morrow? Oh I want you to see him, he is so splendid! though he is my brother. I am going to bring him over to-morrow evening to your house, so be sure you look your best—wear your let me see—oh yes! wear your white grenadine, and scarlet velvet in your hair, will you? Do you know that I've a pet project in my cran-  
ium concerning you my dear—I want very much to make a match between you and George—wouldn't it be jolly for us to be sisters?"

"Yes, but Annie," said Ruth laughing, "what would Ernest have to say to your plan?"

"Oh, pah! whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed, and I don't believe you'll ever marry that fellow. Why, child, you should not accept your very first offer. Mercy! I would certainly have two at least!" replied Annie, as if she had had a dozen at her feet.

"Do you think so? You are entirely too flirtatious, to use your own word, *Amelia*. Now I am so sentimental and devoted to my—I mean Ernest—that I don't care for anything else as long as I have his love."

"Dear, dear, I can't understand that Ruthie—I should get sick and tired of him in less than a month."

So saying, Miss Annie whisked her little head round so rapidly that she entangled her hair fast in the grape-vine overhanging the path. Ruth pulled and jerked &c. to no purpose—and Ruth was laughing and calling Annie *Abolomon*, when a very handsome young man stepped up and exclaimed, "Well really, Miss Nancy, is this a new way of yours to obtain grapes?"

"Oh George, you dear fellow; when did you come? Just rescue me and I will reward you with a thousand kisses!"

George immediately devoted himself to the task. But discounting was pronounced impossible, so he cut the Gordian knot, and leaving half of the fair curl in the vine "for the birds to make nests of," as she said regardless of the display of her ignorance of natural history, Annie rushed into her brother's arms. "Oh, excuse me, my duckie," said she at last, "Ruth, this is my brother, George." Ruth, remembering Annie's plan for George and herself, blushed as she gave him her hand—and then recollecting her dinner must be ready—and grandma all alone, she returned to home.

Next morning at breakfast, Annie came flying in just for a moment, to tell Ruthie she must wear blue ribbons, and pink rose-buds in her hair, as she had heard George say casually last evening that he did not like scarlet and white together!

Ruth laughed and gave the promise—and certainly she looked very sweet as she stood before her toilet-table, arranging the deep blush roses in her brown hair. Ruth's beauty lay more in the expression than in regularity of feature. Her mouth was perfect, and her eyes had that deep, tender expression that we see in pictures of the Madonna. She wished Ernest were here, and sighed as she remembered how he had smoothed and praised her hair and put the same lovely buds in it on one even-to-be-remembered afternoon. Then she thought of George. "How handsome he is! What a noble face—like and so unlike Annie's—the eyes, hair, and complexion the same, but the expression totally different."

These were some of her thoughts, but she quickly banished them, as being inconsistent to Ernest. More than once that evening these thoughts returned to her. George devoted himself exclusively to her, while Annie leaving them together, like a little match-maker, as she was, talked and laughed with "grandma" and "Uncle David"—Ruth's old bachelor uncle. At eleven they took their leave, exclaiming at the way time flew. When Ruth had laid her head on her pillow that night, I fear her dreams were as much of George as they were of Ernest.

"This is a friend of mine," said Ruth one night to Mr. Hall. He was asking the names of the pictures in her album, and he had just turned to one of Ernest, which Ruth kept there for her grandmother's benefit, while no one but herself knew of the one in the little blue-velvet case up stairs.

"A friend of yours," echoed George, "I used to know him, and he looks worthy to be your friend—such a good, honest, sincere face." Ruth said nothing—and George continued, "I wonder if you would keep my picture, Miss Ruth, and show it to strangers as 'a friend of yours?'"

"Why yes, for you know we are very dear friends, aren't we? replied she in her naive way.

"But, do you think you could ever feel for me as a brother?" he said abruptly.

"I am sure of it," Ruth answered, and shortly after he took his leave, holding her hand at parting in his strong grasp.

Ruth sang softly to herself that night, and improvised on the piano until the old clock rang out One! It was a favorite way of hers when she wished to dream and think. Her thoughts were mingled to-night—both glad and sad. She had not heard from Ernest for three weeks and more, though she had written again and again, imploring him to write, and she would have been heart-broken had it not been for George's society.

He was so congenial, so warm-hearted and sympathetic.

Two weeks had passed since that night, and Annie was on the *qui vive*, for she had gotten up a picnic and invited all the young people within four miles, to come.

It was to be on Thursday, and the day before Ruth and Annie might have been seen in aprons, and sleeves rolled up, making cake most assiduously.

"You make silver cake and I will make gold—and you had better come over to our house, so we can do it together," Annie had said; but more difficulties stood in the way of the amateurs than they had bargained for. Juliet (for such was the sentimental name of Mrs. Hall's cook) was, Annie said, "as cross as a cat," and made strong objections to their invasion of her kingdom. Annie however had a will of her own and accomplished her purpose.

Juliet had her "clarion" up times like Dinah in "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—and before these "times" her motto was "a place for everything and nothing in its place!"

But by much coaxing and blarneying on the part of Annie, who was at last, could be irresistible, Juliet was at last brought to terms, and the cake then went on swimmingly. No words can express their exultation when with flushed faces and floury hands they brought in their respective cakes for Mrs. Hall's inspection.

The next day rose bright and clear—and Ruth could not sleep after dawn. She was unhappy about Ernest—for not a word from him yet, and she had been so regular in writing long letters to him. "Even if he is sick, he might send me a telegram," cried she; "but if he chooses to give me up he can—I am not dependent on him for happiness, (though even then a tell-tale tear came in her eye) there are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught, as Annie would say, and George!"

She stopped for her love for Ernest seemed intense at that moment, and George was in some way connected with her feeling for him. He reminded her so much of Ernest in his ways and manners—and perhaps this was the reason why she already began to have a warmer feeling than mere Platonic friendship for George Hall. She was such a young, unsophisticated thing, that she could hardly be expected to know her own mind—and even now her feeling for George rose more from pique and resentment at Ernest's neglect than a positive affection.

Soon she roused herself from her sad thoughts, for the breakfast bell was ringing, and hurried down stairs just in time to greet her grandmother and uncle with a good morning kiss. George and Annie Hall were to call for her at ten in a carriage, and when they came she was all ready, in a white pique and sailor hat trimmed with blue. (George thought, as he put her into the carriage, that he had never seen her look more lovely.)

A gay scene came to view as they neared the fine old woods which was the place chosen for the picnic. Quite a crowd of ladies in bright dresses were there, and gentlemen too, making themselves generally useful in a variety of ways.

After mingling with the crowd awhile, George and Ruth strolled off together under the grand old oaks and pines, talking and laughing merrily. Presently they became more quiet and sat down at the foot of an oak where they would leave them for the present.

In the meantime Miss Annie Hall had been having, as she expressed it, "a gay time." Her admirers were all around her and she was bewitching them with her pretty coquettish ways and bright speeches.

"Why," said all one of these, "Miss Annie, what is all that about your friend Miss Howard and Ernest Stirling?"

"Oh! don't you know—they have been so stupid as to get engaged. Nothing should ever induce me to do such a foolish thing, for who should she see coming through the trees but Mr. Stirling himself!"

"Well I declare! there he comes. Talk of angels!" she exclaimed. "He does not look very angelic though, I must say; why how pale he is!"

Ernest shook hands cordially with her, and said he had just arrived and was looking around for Ruth. He had called at the house and hearing she was at the picnic came out to find her.

"Oh, she has gone walking in the woods with my brother Annie," Mr. Stirling, said mischievously Annie, "you had better take care he will cut you out!"

Ernest made a laughing reply, and hurried off in the direction Annie pointed out. He had but just arrived—having been very seriously attacked with brain fever—caused by two much study, which made him unconscious of everything for weeks. He had been feeling ill for several days, when one evening, tired and exhausted with hard study at his desk, he took the cars for a neighboring town, where he had business to transact with a friend. While there he was suddenly taken sick, and so violently that his friend there forced him to remain and let him nurse him. He was delicious all the time, and though he mentioned Ruth's name frequently, he could give his friend no directions about sending word to her. Thus it was that all Ruth's letters had missed him, remaining at his office.

As soon as he was able, Ernest proceeded directly to see Ruth, without returning to his office, and now weak and fatigued with recent illness and travelling, he went through the green woods in search of her.

She had all this time been sitting with George at the foot of the old oak. The conversation had gradually assumed a more quiet tone, and George had resolved that day to speak his love to her. Annie, true to her match-making propensities, had never told George of Ruth's engagement, so he was entirely ignorant of the fact.

"Ruth, (I know you will allow me to call) you that, as we know each other so well, do you remember when I gave you my picture, and you said you would regard me as a brother?" George said, looking at her tenderly. "Yes," said Ruth, wondering what he was going to say.

Ernest Stirling had just reached the spot, (though unseen) guided by the gleam of Ruth's white dress through the trees, when George said:

"I have long wanted to ask you, whether you could not love me more than a brother—can't you Ruth?—I love you more than any one on earth."

He had taken her passive hand and was looking up in her face awaiting her answer.

Ruth was so entirely taken by surprise, that at first she said nothing.

"Oh, George," she said at last, "I don't—you know that I— and she could get no further, for George thinking her agitation embarrassment, had put his arm around her, and pressed her hand close.

Ernest had heard and seen this much, and could bear no more.

"I have seen enough," he said, "she does not love me, for she has allowed this man to make love to her, without objection, in exactly the same way as with me."

He hurried from the woods and from the place, but feeling he needed rest, he did not return to his business, but went home to his mother who lived at some distance.

Ernest Stirling was of a very impulsive temperament, as we have seen, and he firmly believed that Ruth loved him no longer, and did love George Hall.

In the meantime Ruth told George all about her engagement, and was very much surprised that Annie had not told him before.

"And you led me on, knowing all the time I loved you," he exclaimed bitterly.

"No, dear George, I did not intend it, but your companionship was such comfort to me, when I didn't have anything of Ernest, though I wrote him letter after letter.—Oh, dear George! for I do love you as a brother—if you only knew how dreadfully I feel about his coldness you would not blame me—you would pity me!" and she covered her face with her hands.

"My poor Ruth! forgive me—I do pity you—do let me do something to help you and make you happy again. To show you how much I love you, let me go and find Mr. Stirling—he may be sick you know."

Ruth had not thought this very probable—but now to imagine Ernest suffering and she not near him, filled her with sorrow. "Oh, George, if you only would, I could never thank you enough."

Shortly after they rejoined the rest, and were greeted by Annie with "Well, my runaways! I hope you have been gone long enough—but what has become of Mr. Stirling, Ruthie?"

"What do you mean Annie?" cried Ruth.

"O such innocents! She does not know anything about it!"

"Come Annie—stop your nonsense, and tell us what you mean," interrupted George's manly voice.

"Don't you really know?" still persisted his sister, "well I see by your looks you don't, so I will tell you. He has been here inquiring for Ruth, and looks just as pale as a ghost. I told him to go and look for you in the wood—and you must have met him, for I showed him exactly the way you had gone."

"When was he here—had he been to grandma first—where is he now?" Ruth asked in one breath.

"That is exactly what I supposed you knew," said Annie, "but where are you going Ruth dear?—not home certainly, for we have not had the picnic proper at all yet—and we want you to help us fix the things." But nothing could induce Ruth to stay. She would go home and George accompanied her.

"What a bore it must be to be engaged!" quoth Miss Annie, looking at one of her admirers with an I-dare-you-to-ask-me expression.

The next day George started for the town that Ruth had been accustomed to send her letters to Ernest but he was told Mr. Stirling had gone to the next town and was with his friend Mr. Morgan, there. On inquiring of Mr. Morgan, George heard about Ernest's illness and his departure to see Ruth, but after that he could no longer trace him. After acquainting Ruth with this by letter, he added, "dearest Ruth, I will discover Ernest yet—and will send you word. Don't be despondent for now you know he is still true to you—and there must be some misunderstanding which keeps him away. You have promised to be my dear little sister and I shall be quite happy if I succeed in making you happy. For I don't think my love for you is selfish—now that I know you can never be any more to me than a sister, I'm perfectly contented in striving to be worthy of being your brother and rendering you as happy as I can."

Ernest was all this time at his mother's. The journey and the excitement and grief he had felt, had proved too much for his frame to bear, and he was once more sick.

Mrs. Stirling was devoted to her only son—and saw that he had something on his mind—which he was longing to say. One evening she was bathing his aching head—when she said, "Ernest—do you often hear from Ruth?"

She felt him start and then he exclaimed, "Oh mother never mention her name again, I am deceived in her, she is engaged, I suppose now, to some one else!" and then he poured into her sympathizing ear all about his recent grief. But Mrs. Stirling did not think the matter so bad as he did.

"Oh no, my son. I can't believe Ruth Howard has behaved in this way, there must be some mistake." Then she persuaded him to write and ask Ruth about it. "I think Ruth has reason to blame you—how can she know you have been sick!—And you have not written to her since before that, you say."

"True," said Ernest thoughtfully—and before night came on he wrote, "Ruth, I regret to say that I saw and overheard, unintentionally, your love making in the wood. I will not reproach you—but of course all is over between us. I could not write before, because I have been very ill—and even now am hardly able. I will return your letters and picture as I suppose you would wish me to do so.—Ernest Stirling."

Mrs. Stirling had a visit from George Hall, a few days afterwards.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Stirling, I called to ask if you could tell me where I might find your son," said George in his straightforward way.

"Ernest is quite sick, George, but I dare say he will be pleased to see you, you are such a stranger here now—and when you and Ernest were boys—little boys," she added smiling, "you were always together, I wish the old happy times could be renewed," and she left him to see if Ernest could receive him.

"You may come," she said a few minutes after, but George thought her manner was far less cordial than before.

What passed between Ernest and George—how Ernest accused and George explained—and how, finally, Ernest in admiration of his friend's noble conduct, begged his forgiveness for his unjust accusations—we can all imagine.

Ruth received her two letters at about the same time and though she had a good cry over each, yet there was as much joy as sorrow in her tears. She was sitting in her grandmother's parlor with her desk and writing materials all round her. She looked uncommonly pretty that morning, in her white dress and little scarlet sash round her, for the day was quite cool. She was engaged in answering that last note from Ernest and as she sat there writing endearing words and clearing away all his mistakes—her eyes filled with tears as she thought of his being so ill.

"I don't believe he will be well enough to leave his mother's for ever so long—for his writing is so faint and trembling I can hardly make it out." Just then the door opened and George Hall entered!

Ruth uttered a cry of delight, and he took both her hands in his.

"My dear little sister, I have found him—and everything is right again but I know you know where he is now, for he told me of his letter to you. The poor fellow is quite sick yet—though wonderfully brightened up since he heard the good news about you. By the way I have a message from his mother to you; she says you must go there immediately and pay her a visit—then you can be with Ernest, and I am invited too, and my precious little sister, I will be a brother to both you and Ernest."

Ruth could not speak before—but bent down and pressed her lips to his hand, and I think the pure kiss he left on her forehead was one of which even Ernest would not have been jealous.

In a few days, Ruth bade goodbye to her grandmother and uncle and a happy trio left for Mrs. Stirling's. Annie had been included in the invitation, and she cheered them all by her bright and lively disposition.

"Ruth, you are the coolest young woman! To think of your taking my brother on your own special property—sending him on your errands—to hunt up your missing beau, etc. By the way I will have to be real quick when I get to Mrs. Stirling's, won't I?—so I think I will make hay while the sunshines!"

And she certainly did improve the moments—but there was no occasion for her

"hiding her light under a bushel" (as the young lady herself expressed it) when she was with Ernest. For he recovered so rapidly under Ruth's and George's tender nursing that he was soon able to join in Annie's wildest excursions, in search of nuts under the bright foliaged trees of October, and when another October came round Ruth Howard and Ernest Stirling were united—while Annie was in her element as "first bridesmaid" and George rejoiced in his adopted brother's and sister's happiness.

**RICH WITHOUT MONEY.**—Many a man is rich without money. Thousands of men with nothing in their pockets, and thousands even without a pocket are rich. A man born with a sound constitution, a good stomach, good heart and good limbs, and a pretty good head-piece is rich. Good bones are better than gold, tough muscles than silver, and nerves that flash fire and energy in every function are better than houses and lands.

It is better than a landed estate to have had the right kind of a father and mother. Good breeds and bad breeds exist in men as really as among herds and horses. Education may do much good to check evil tendencies and to develop good ones, but it is a great thing to inherit the right proportion of faculties to begin with. The man is rich who has a good disposition—who is naturally kind, patient, cheerful, and who has a flavor of wit in his composition. The hardest thing to get along with in this life is a man's own self. A cross, selfish fellow, a timid, care-burdened man—these all are born deformed inside. Their feet may not limp but their thoughts do.

**THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.**—The following sketch is called the portrait of a true gentleman. It was found in an old manor house in Gloucestershire, written and framed, and hung over the mantel-piece, of a tapestried sitting-room.

"The true gentleman is God's servant, the world's master, and his own man; virtue is his business, study his recreation, contentment his rest, and happiness his reward; God is his father, the Church his mother, the Saints are his brethren, all that need him his friends, devotion is his chaplain, charity his chamberlain; sobriety his butler, temperance his cook, hospitality his housekeeper, prudence his steward, charity his treasure, pity his mistress of the house, and discretion his power, to let in or out, as most fit. This is his whole family, made up of virtues, and he is the true master of the house. He is necessarily to take the world on his way to heaven; and he walks through it as fast as he can, and all his business by the way is to make himself and others happy. Take him in two words—a man and a Christian."

It would be a good thing for men and women were they taught, in childhood, to use their left hands equally with their right. The use of the right hand only for certain actions—such as writing and working with mechanical tools—is entirely conventional, and there does not appear to be any reason why people should not be ambidexter in every kind of manual work. Persons who have lost their right hand by accident frequently acquire great facility with the left after some practice, but grownup persons have not always the patience to betake themselves to the necessary practice. By children the thing would be acquired insensibly, if means were taken to the practice of it. Children living in houses where two languages are spoken acquire both with great facility, and what is true of tongues would be equally so of hands.

**THE SUN DOES NOT SET IN ALASKA.**—South Alaska is in the latitude of sixty—very near the same as that of southernmost Greenland. In that latitude the sun does not set at all in summer. It remains about twenty-five degrees above the horizon at the hour we call midnight. The only mode of knowing there that it is midnight is to watch the sun when it begins to ascend. Fowls go to roost at 7 p. m., and repose until the sun is well up. In winter it is, of course, the reverse, as in the higher latitudes the sun is not seen for six weeks.

No person need calculate on making the strawberry pay by growing it on the "slipshod" plan. It must have clean and orderly culture. Don't after you have set out a plantation, wait until you see the weeds growing before you start the hoe and cultivator. Remember, you can hoe over a plantation four times if done in season, where you can once if it gets weedy and surface-still.

"The blessed man that preached for us last Sunday," said Mrs. Partington, "served the Lord for thirty years—first as a circus-rider, then as a locust-preacher, and last, as an exhorter."

"Did you visit the Dardanelles when you were abroad?" asked a lady of a traveled cockney. "Oh! yes, we dined with them frequently," was the ready reply.

The generality of men expend the early part of their lives in contributing to render the latter part miserable.

A sentence in the Language of Flowers. If you wish for "Heart's ease" never look to "Marry gold."

Capital punishment.—Ten thousand a year, and nothing to do.

## Select Poetry.

### MY WIFE AND CHILD.

BY FROSTWELL JACKSON.

Written while an artillery officer in Mexico.

The tattoo beats, the lights are gone,  
The camp around in slumber lies;  
The night with solemn pace moves on—  
The shadows thicken o'er the skies,  
But sleep my weary eyes hath flown,  
And sad uneasy thoughts arise.

I think of thee, O dearest one,  
Whose love my early life hath blest,  
Of thee—of him—our baby one,  
Who slumbers on thy gentle breast,  
God of the tender, frail and lone,  
Oh, guard the tender sleeper's rest.

And hower gently, hower near



## The Middletown Transcript

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,  
BY HENRY VANDERFORD.

TERMS.—\$2.00 per annum, payable in advance.  
Single copies five cents.

ADVERTISING RATES.—One square of ten lines, \$1 for the first insertion and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. One square one year \$10; six months \$6; for a quarter year \$4; for three months \$3; six months \$15; one year, with the privilege of four changes, \$25; for half a column \$50. Fractions of a square to be counted as a square. When the number of insertions is not marked, advertisements will be continued until forbidden, and charged accordingly. Obituaries published at advertising rates; Marriages and Deaths inserted for the owners of the business. All letters should be addressed to THE MIDDLETOWN TRANSCRIPT, Middletown, Del.

Office corner Main and Scott streets.

### SPAIN.

The Spanish news is interesting, if true. The Spanish press, it is said, denounces Sickles, the American minister, bitterly, on account of his note to the Spanish government, which, he says, merely hinted that the American government is willing to interpose its friendly offices for the settlement of Spain's difficulties with Cuba. Some of the journals say he was sent there solely because he was known to be a strong partisan of Cuban annexation. The London Spectator says that though war between Spain and the United States appears like a moral impossibility, it is universally believed in fact now in Spain. It considers that with Spanish pride and American sympathies, the situation is critical. Possibly so, but we dare say if the Spanish can manage their "pride," the Americans can manage their "sympathies," which, noble and world-wide as they are, they never indulge if it costs too much. The letting loose of a hundred Spanish "Alabamas" upon what remains of our commerce, is a contingency which may persuade us to chasten to some extent our gushing benevolence towards rebellion in Cuba.

Mr. Geo. Peabody is visiting Mr. John W. Garrett, President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, at his residence about three miles from Baltimore. His health improved during his stay in Massachusetts.

Thomas John Penn, the last descendant of the Penn family, has just died.

DEAFNESS, BLINDNESS, and CATARRH treated with the utmost success, by J. J. BRACKER, M. D., and Professor of Diseases of the Eye and Ear, in the Medical College of Pennsylvania, 12 years experience, (formerly of Leyden, Holland,) No. 805 Arch Street, Philadelphia. Testimonials can be seen at his office. The medical faculty are invited to accompany their patients, as he has no secrets in his practice. Artificial eyes inserted without pain. No charge for examination.

## A DESIRABLE FARM AT Trustee's Sale.

BY virtue of a Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent county, as a Court of Equity, the undersigned Trustee will offer at Public Sale to the highest bidder, on

**Tuesday, October the 12th, 1869,** at 11 o'clock, A. M. at the "Voshell House," in Chestertown, the Farm of Thomas A. Meredith, lying on Chester River, containing 186 Acres, 2 Roads and 11 Perches, adjoining the lands of William T. Spey and J. F. Newman, Esq. The soil is good and adapted to the different kinds of grain, and a portion good for truck. About one-third new land, Grass and clover grow finely. The land has all been leveled. This farm has many advantages. It is situated on Chester River and has on it

## A Fine Fishing Shore and Three Landings.

It is about two and a-half miles from Chestertown, three miles from the Railroad Depot at Middletown, and two miles from Crumpton, convenient to Schools, Churches, &c.

## A Peach Orchard of 500 Trees.

Well selected and seven years old. There are five fields, under fair ordinary fencing, and sufficient timber for fencing. THE DWELLING is a good one-story Frame, in good condition, with two rooms below and two above. A good Kitchen is attached. There is a Stable, Corn House, and Granary. Mr. Thomas A. Meredith, who resides on the farm, will show it to whoever may call.

THE TERMS OF SALE.—One-half cash on the day of sale, or in sixty days, at the option of the Trustee; one-fourth on the first of January next, and the balance on the first of January, 1871, with interest from the day of sale, to be secured by the bond of the purchaser with security to be approved by the Trustee.

GEORGE VICKERS, Trustee.  
Chestertown, Sept. 25, 1869—18

### PUBLIC SALE.

WILL be sold at Public Sale, at Walker's Hotel, in the town of Middletown, by the subscriber, on

**Saturday, Oct. 24, 1869, at 4 1/2 o'clock, P. M.**

The following described property, located on Catherine and Anderson streets,

### MIDDLETOWN:

**SEVEN BUILDING LOTS,**  
43 to 55 Feet front by 145 to 150 Feet Deep.  
No. 1 Contains 48 feet front on Catherine st. by 150 feet deep.  
No. 2 Contains 48 feet front on Catherine street by 150 feet deep.  
No. 3 Contains 48 feet front on Catherine street by 150 feet deep.  
No. 4, being the Corner Lot, Contains 48 feet front on Catherine street, by 150 feet deep.  
No. 5 Contains 55 feet front on Anderson st. by 150 feet deep.  
No. 6 Contains 55 feet front on Anderson st. by 150 feet deep.  
No. 7 Contains 54 feet front on Anderson st. by 145 feet deep, more or less.

The Conditions of this Sale will be as follows: Each and every Lot will be sold to the highest and best bidder, by the front foot of said lots, by paying One-Twentyfourth of the purchase money as soon as the property is struck off, and the balance in 23 equal monthly installments, and at the expiration of the 24 months from the day of sale, a clear title will be given. Possession given as soon as the property is struck off. Every person failing to comply with the above conditions, at the expiration of the third month will have to forfeit the amount he has paid.

No postponement on account of weather or price of lots.

sept 25—18  
S. M. ESON, Auc.

HANGING BASKETS, Earthen and Wire, For Sale at ROTHWELL'S New Store, May 29 Main Street, Middletown, Del.

OLD NEWSPAPERS, a cheap and convenient Wrapping Paper, for sale at this office.

## VALUABLE REAL ESTATE At Trustee's Sale.

BY virtue of a Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent county, sitting in Equity, the undersigned, as Trustee, will sell at Public Sale, on

**Tuesday, October the 12th, 1869,** At Twelve O'clock, M.

at the "Voshell House," in Chestertown, Kent county, Maryland,

### THE FARM,

situated in said county, on Chesapeake Bay, at the head of Tavern Creek, and of which the late Walter T. H. Miller died seized.

### It Contains 216 Acres of Land, MORE OR LESS,

and is divided into five fields well fenced, three of which are watered by Tavern Creek. Grain may be delivered on the Bay shore, on the farm, and line boats come to Bear Point on Swan Creek, about one-half mile from the farm. It has a

### Young Apple Orchard

of about One Hundred Trees of choice variety and very thriving.

The soil is good and well adapted to cereals. The improvements are a

### COMFORTABLE FRAME DWELLING,

With a Kitchen attached, and the usual Out-buildings.

The Trustee will also offer at the same time a

### Wood Lot Containing About 12 Acres

adjoining the lands of John H. Gale's heirs.

These lands will be surveyed and a plot exhibited on the day of sale.

TERMS OF SALE.—The terms prescribed by the Decree are as follows:—One-fifth of the purchase money to be paid on the day of sale, or in sixty days thereafter, at the option of the Trustee, and the balance in three equal installments, in one, two and three years from day of sale, and interest from the first day of January next, to be secured by the bond of the purchaser, with security to be approved by the Trustee. Possession given on the first day of January next.

GEORGE VICKERS, Trustee.

N. B. The creditors of the late Walter T. H. Miller deceased, are hereby notified to file their claims with the clerk of the Circuit Court for Kent county, within four months from the day of sale.

GEORGE VICKERS, Trustee.  
Chestertown, Sept. 25, 1869—12

## BOOTS AND SHOES,

### JAMES H. COLLINS

Announces to the public that he is still engaged in manufacturing Boots and Shoes, at the

Cor. of Broad & Lake Sts. Middletown.

Nearly opposite the Academy.

Special attention given to repairing, and all work finished with neatness and dispatch.

Ready-made Work always on hand. Give him a call.

sept 25—18

### FOR SALE!

A MORTGAGE of \$3,500, due March 1st A. next, on a Tract of 170 Acres, of the finest land on the Delaware side of Bohemia Manor. Apply to

JOSHUA CLAYTON (of Thomas)

sept. 25—21 P. O. Box 104, Middletown, Del.

## WILMINGTON

### Commission House.

### J. L. HOUSTON,

PROPRIETOR of the Wilmington Tea House, has also opened a COMMISSION HOUSE, adjoining, for the sale of

Cereals, Fruits, all kinds of Berries,

Peaches, Apples, Pears,

NEW POTATOES, POULTRY, EGGS, GRAIN,

And all the productions of our Farmers, Gardeners, and Nurseries, and flatters himself that he can furnish a market for these nearer home and more advantageous than can be had in more distant cities, saving double freightage and two or three commissions to producers, traders and consumers, and a Reliable House, Quick Sales, and Sure Returns.

His House is said to be most eligible, ample accommodations, airy, and finely adapted to the sale of Home Productions, and the preservation of perishable fruits.

As the Peach World will be pressing, and the sale immense, it may be well that those who wish the services of this House should make previous engagements, as engagements will be many; and it is desired, so that they may be prepared for the market; and they will not sell the inferior products without the good and the best.

Address

J. L. HOUSTON, Commission House,

428 Market St. cor. of 5th, Wilmington, Del.

June 19—y

## SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of Sundry Writs of Vendition Exponas and Fi. Fa's, to me directed, will be exposed to

### PUBLIC SALE,

At the Residence of Henry P. Reading, NEAR MIDDLETOWN,

In Appoquinimink Hundred, New Castle Co. Del.

ON SATURDAY,

The 25th day of September, 1869.

At 10 o'clock, A. M. the following described

### PERSONAL PROPERTY,

VIZ:

### Five Cows, Seven Horses,

### 1 PAIR OF MULES,

One Pennington Reap. 1 Wagon, 1 Cart, 1 Carriage and Harness, 1 Set Cart Horses, Plough Harness, and all other Farming Utensils, &c.

About 60 Acres of Corn in ground, Wheat, Oats, Potatoes, &c. Also,

### HOUSEHOLD & KITCHEN FURNITURE, &c.

Seized and taken into execution as the property of Henry P. Reading and to be sold by

JACOB RICHARDSON, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, New Castle, Sept. 4, A. D. 1869.

Sept. 11—18

## FOR SALE.

100,000 Healthy Peach Trees, OF CHOICE VARIETIES.

Send For Price Lists, &c.

E. R. COCHRAN,

Middletown, Del.

sept. 18—6m

Delawarean, Cecil Democrat, Smyrna Times, Chestertown News and Transcript, Centerville Observer, and Sussex Journal pub. 3m, and send bill to advertiser.

Notice To Tax-Payers.

NOTICE is hereby given that leniency has ceased and action is required to meet the demands of the county; and Tax-Payers are asked to come forward, in this month, and settle, or they will be liable to additional percentage, for 1 intent to settle up before winter.

sept. 18—18  
GEO. W. INGRAM.

## SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of a Writ of Als. Levati Facias to me directed, will be exposed at Public Sale, at the Hotel of Joseph H. Walker,

### IN MIDDLETOWN,

In St. Georges Hundred, New Castle County, Del.

### ON SATURDAY,

The 25th day of September, 1869,

At 2 o'clock, P. M. the following described

### REAL ESTATE,

VIZ:—All that certain tract or parcel of land, lying and being in St. Georges and Appoquinimink Hundreds, New Castle county, Delaware, bounded and described as follows, to wit:—Beginning at a point which is the end of the first line of the part of the Real Estate of Andrew P. Reading, deceased, assigned by order of the Orphans' Court for the dowry of his widow, Lydia M. Reading, thence along the lands of John P. Cochran south eighty degrees, east two hundred and twenty perches and eight-tenths of a perch, thence south thirty-three and one-half degrees, west twenty-five perches to a corner of lands of Robert A. Cochran, thence with the same south sixty-two degrees, west crossing a branch between St. Georges and Appoquinimink Hundreds two hundred and thirty-five perches to the road leading to St. Ann's Church, a corner for lands of James Roberts, deceased, thence with said road south sixty-six and a-half degrees, west seventy-one perches to a corner for lands of said Robert and John P. Cochran where the Middletown and St. Ann's Church roads intersect, thence with said Middletown road north twenty-one and a-quarter degrees, west one hundred and fifteen perches, thence north thirteen and a-half degrees, west seven perches, to a point on the public road in the line of the land laid off for dower as aforesaid to Lydia M. Reading, widow of Andrew P. Reading, deceased, thence north seventy-four degrees and thirty minutes, east one hundred and twenty-two perches to a stake by the side of a drain, thence with said drain south twenty-one degrees, west thirty-four and eight-tenths perches to the place of beginning, containing One Hundred and Ninety-seven acres of land, more or less.

Seized and taken into execution as the property of Henry P. Reading and to be sold by

Lydia M. Reading, widow of Andrew P. Reading his wife, and T. S. and to be sold by

JACOB RICHARDSON, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, New Castle, Sept. 4, A. D. 1869.

Sept. 11—18

## NOTICE.

ALL persons in favor of organizing a HORSE COMPANY, for the recovery of Stolen Horses, and the detection of the Thieves, are requested to meet at Walker's Hotel, Middletown, on Saturday evening next, the 18th inst. at 8 o'clock.

Sept. 11—21

## NEW STOVE, TIN,

### AND

### HOUSE-FURNISHING STORE.

THOMAS H. ROTHWELL'S

### NEW BUILDING,

North side of Main Street, 4 Buildings West of Town Hall.

Middletown, Delaware.

Where he has constantly on hand, and is prepared to manufacture

ALL KINDS OF TIN WARE,

At Short Notice.

Particular attention paid to

### ROOFING AND SPOUTING.

Orders respectfully solicited and promptly attended to.

## STOVES.

### THE NATIONAL,

### CONTINENTAL,

### ORIENTAL,

### CHARM,

### GEM,

### SUN,

### LITTLE GIANT,

### BRILLIANT,

### Prize and the Victor Cook.

Orders will be received and promptly filled for any kind of Stove that may be ordered.

### GALVANIZED RUSSIA AND SHEET IRON

### ZINC,

### COAL HOPS, SEIVES,

### POKERS, SHOVELS,

### TEA KETTLES, BAKE PANS, WAFFLE IRONS

### SAD IRONS, BRASS & ENAMELED

### PRESERVING KETTLES,

### ENAMELLED SAUCE PANS,

### TEA BELLS, JAPANESE CHAMBER BUCKETS,

### SPITTOONS, WAITERS, LANTERNS,

### FLOUR AND PEPPER BOXES,

### SAND CUPS, MATCH SAFES (Gast Iron),

### MOLASSES CUPS,

### PEACH CANS,

### (Soldered and Self-Sealing)

### PATENT CLOTHES FRAMES, &c. &c. &c.

Attention is respectfully called to our new

### FAMILY & RESTAURANT STOVE

Which is especially adapted to stewing, frying, and broiling oysters.

No wood, no coal, no wood gas, no stove pipe, no ashes, no dirt, no wood boxes, no coal scuttles, no kindling wood but a friction match, and the fire in full blast in half a minute, even hot in two minutes, steak broiled in seven minutes, bread baked in thirty minutes, the fire extinguished in a moment. It has no rival in all kinds of cooking, and in economy, convenience, neatness, safety and durability.

Please call and examine it in operation at

Thomas H. Rothwell's Stove Store,

MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

Sole owner of the stove for the State.

Prompt attention to business, moderate prices, competent workmen, and a determination to please, may at all times be expected by those who may favor him with their custom.

Aug. 28—y

## J. STEWART DEPUY.

253 South Second Street, above Spruce,

PHILADELPHIA.

NOW offers an unusual assortment of CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, WINDOW SHADES, MATTINGS, &c. &c. at very reduced prices, to his friends and the public.

Aug. 28—3m

## TO OPEN THE FALL TRADE, STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER

### OFFER

### FIVE THOUSAND PIECES

### OF

### MUSLINS,

Bought under market rates for cash, and offered at less than our usual

### LOW PRICES.

### IN SHIRTINGS,

### NEW YORK MILLS,

### OUR OWN MAKE,

### WASUTTA,

### WILLIAMSVILLE,

### WARREN,

### HOUSEKEEPER,

### PEQUOT,

### ARKWRIGHT,

### FORESTDALE,

### ARLINGTON,

### WHITNEY,

### HILL,

### BRIGHTS,

### TRESTON.

### IN SHEETINGS.

### 10-4 UTICA,

### 10-4 PEQUOT,

### 10-4 ANDROSCOGGIN,

### 10-4 WALTHAM,

### 12-4 HUGUENOT,

### 11-4 HUGUENOT.

### IN PILLOW CASE MUSLINS.

### 8-4 WALTHAM,

### 8-4 ANDROSCOGGIN,

### 6-4 UTICA,

### 6-4 WALTHAM,



## Sketches of Travel.

Written for the Middletown Transcript.  
A Rambler in Westchester County, N. Y.

About fifty miles out of New York City, on the Harlem Road, the worn out denizen of the city in pursuit of good mountain air alights at Purdy's Station, and enquires for a conveyance to North Salem, situated between 5 and 6 miles back from the sound of the iron horse, in a northeasterly direction. Presently the driver of the democratic stage makes his appearance, and away the stranger is carried over hill and dale, with fine corn fields and cattle grazing on the numerous hills on either hand, stopping occasionally to change mails, and leave parcels and papers for the inhabitants on the route.

About two miles from the station, a one-story wood colored house is pointed out as the former residence of Hon. Horace Greeley, about 12 or 15 years since: who occupied it for two summers. One would suppose that this eccentric Indian individual could be happy in such a rocky, from his well known hermit-like proclivities.

He has many times made the remark that he and Mrs. G. took comfort while there, from the fact that the place was so quiet and unexcited. Which is exactly the reverse, as the house—now the abode of a former inhabitant of the "rural old"—is without a fence, or yard even, and right on the highway almost.

This well known editor is spoken of as an Indian, which word is borrowed from Mark Twain, who, in writing from Niagara Falls to the New York Express, gives us his talk to the pretended Indians of Irish descent, who make ornaments and trinkets around the Falls and pass them off as fabrics of real redskin.

"Trading for forty-rod whiskey, to enable you to get drunk and happy and tomahawk your families, has played the everlasting mischief with the picturesque pomp of your dress, and here you are, in the broad light of the 19th century, gotten up like the ragged and bawling of the parous of New York! For shame! Remember your ancestors! Recall their mighty deeds! Remember Uncas!—and Red Jacket!—and Hohen-in-the-Day!—and Horace Greeley! Emulate their achievements! Unfurl yourselves under my banner noble savages, illustrious gutter-snipes, &c. &c."

"Down with him!"  
"Scop the blagyard!"  
"Hang him!"  
"Burn him!"  
"Thrownd him!"

These, and more were the replies from the Niagara Falls Indians. But what a digression from Westchester County!

While speaking of the Tribune we puller it is well to remark that the inhabitants of Gotham and other cities are constantly asking where do all the Tribunes go to? When one strays out into the agricultural regions he will soon find where this sheet is taken, for it is particularly the farmer's paper in New York, New England, and the great West—especially Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Kansas. The agricultural department is under the charge of Solon Robinson, the author of "Hot Corn," whose name is as familiar to the farmer as "household words," all over the United States—consequently, the items and information are reliable in every respect.

Many Democratic farmers and drovers take this paper, as it panders to their interests, while the Times, World, and Herald, have their readers in other classes.

On nearing Salem Centre, 4 miles from the railroad, the farm and fine meadow of the great city milk dealer, T. W. Decker, is particularly noticed, as he has spent over five thousand dollars on an elaborate summer house, to the right of the main building; which, after all, seems to be incomplete. But, as he has made a fortune in the milk business, and is constantly adding to his pile, the money is not probably missed. His milk is considered the best brought into N. Y. and is all purchased in the upper part of Westchester County, and selected from the most reliable farmers in this section.

Perhaps the following routine of the farmers who sell milk to Decker and others may be worth noting: The morning's milk is put into 10 gallon tin cans, which are placed in pure spring water until 4 o'clock, P. M. when the evening's milk is mixed with it and then is transported to the railway stations, from whence it is taken up by the milk train, arriving in the city after midnight, ready for customers in the morning. While the milk stands in the spring the farmer stirs it hourly, to prevent the cream from rising.

The wife of the milk-seller has but little work to do, as she knows nothing of the hardship and care connected with butter and cheese making.

At Salem Centre, the edifice and well-shaded grounds of John June, Esq., are described, which before the war was considered one of the finest residences in the county. Mr. J. is a bachelor of 60 and upwards, well remembered by the inhabitants of 25 or 30 years since, as connected with the circus enterprises of that day. Who has not heard, more or less, the firm name of June, Titus, Angove & Co. in connection with circuses? The three first named gentlemen are all old bachelors.

The internal management of this domicile is confided to the sisters of Mr. J., and from personal experience the old mansion is well presided over.

In fact this hospitable proprietor is re-elected with pleasure by many a friend of the owner. The beauty and grace of his society need not be spoken of now, as in a future communication a pic-nic on the lawn will be described, in which one of the young ladies took a prominent part.

Just across the meadow, about a half mile distant, a three story granite and lime stone pile, situated on a rolling declivity, is a marked object of interest. This massive structure and farm of 200 acres and upwards, is owned and occupied by Ex-Alderman James S. Libby, and a former Tammany candidate for Mayor of our city, and after Hon. Fernando Wood, a former Mozart, and well known personage. Mr. L. was for many years the proprietor of Lovejoy's Hotel, in N. Y. the first hotel started in this country on the

European plan, and now the owner of the Libby House, corner of 27th street and 4th avenue. All visitors are welcomed at his residence, when in Salem. His villa commands a view of miles in that valley. Long may the Ex-Alderman live to enjoy his farm, and the society of his friends.

Just before these two residences are seen, one observes an old-fashioned building which a fellow passenger states is a time-honored place of learning—the Salem Academy, where many noted men of a past age were educated.

Ogden Hoffman, the late distinguished member of the New York bar, and Ex-Gov. Clinton, the projector of the great Erie Canal, were students of this Institution.

Rev. C. H. Holloway, formerly the preacher of your Middletown Academy, in the years 1865-6, is now at the head of this Academy. He will soon open it for the fall and winter session.

About three-quarters of a mile from this Institution, past Salem Centre, the Presbyterian Church is situated, and hard by, the Parsonage where Mr. H. resides. He preaches regularly in the church, in connection with his duties as a teacher in the Academy aforesaid. This preacher is appreciated by his flock, and gives them good, sound practical sermons, in return for substantial support.

Passing by the Episcopal and Presbyterian churches the old vehicle plods on another mile, and turns up at an old mansion, enveloped in stately sugar maple trees, with a rolling lawn in front, the terminus of your correspondent where for six weeks, he and friends were very hospitably entertained.

Here the jaded resident of the city can inhale the tonic mountain air and drink pure Croton water from the many cool springs, which issue from the hillsides, which help swell the Titicus River, one of the largest streams which pours into the Croton Lake some 10 or 12 miles below.

New York, Sept. 1869. B. S. T.

## Delaware, Rail Road Line

### Summer Arrangement.

ON and after MONDAY, July 12th, 1868, Passenger Trains will run as follows, until further notice:

#### ALL TRAINS SUNDAYS EXCEPTED.

NORTH.	
Leave Crisfield	7 00 A. M.
" " " "	7 40
" " " "	8 05
" " " "	8 30
" " " "	9 10
" " " "	9 40
" " " "	10 00
" " " "	10 30
" " " "	10 45
" " " "	11 05
" " " "	11 20
" " " "	11 50
" " " "	12 00
" " " "	12 15
" " " "	12 35
" " " "	1 00
" " " "	1 15
" " " "	1 30
" " " "	1 45
" " " "	2 00
" " " "	2 15
" " " "	2 30
" " " "	2 45
" " " "	3 00
" " " "	3 15
" " " "	3 30
" " " "	3 45
" " " "	4 00
" " " "	4 15
" " " "	4 30
" " " "	4 45
" " " "	5 00
" " " "	5 15
" " " "	5 30
" " " "	5 45
" " " "	6 00
" " " "	6 15
" " " "	6 30
" " " "	6 45
" " " "	7 00
" " " "	7 15
" " " "	7 30
" " " "	7 45
" " " "	8 00
" " " "	8 15
" " " "	8 30
" " " "	8 45
" " " "	9 00
" " " "	9 15
" " " "	9 30
" " " "	9 45
" " " "	10 00
" " " "	10 15
" " " "	10 30
" " " "	10 45
" " " "	11 00
" " " "	11 15
" " " "	11 30
" " " "	11 45
" " " "	12 00
" " " "	12 15
" " " "	12 30
" " " "	12 45
" " " "	1 00
" " " "	1 15
" " " "	1 30
" " " "	1 45
" " " "	2 00
" " " "	2 15
" " " "	2 30
" " " "	2 45
" " " "	3 00
" " " "	3 15
" " " "	3 30
" " " "	3 45
" " " "	4 00
" " " "	4 15
" " " "	4 30
" " " "	4 45
" " " "	5 00
" " " "	5 15
" " " "	5 30
" " " "	5 45
" " " "	6 00
" " " "	6 15
" " " "	6 30
" " " "	6 45
" " " "	7 00
" " " "	7 15
" " " "	7 30
" " " "	7 45
" " " "	8 00
" " " "	8 15
" " " "	8 30
" " " "	8 45
" " " "	9 00
" " " "	9 15
" " " "	9 30
" " " "	9 45
" " " "	10 00
" " " "	10 15
" " " "	10 30
" " " "	10 45
" " " "	11 00
" " " "	11 15
" " " "	11 30
" " " "	11 45
" " " "	12 00
" " " "	12 15
" " " "	12 30
" " " "	12 45
" " " "	1 00
" " " "	1 15
" " " "	1 30
" " " "	1 45
" " " "	2 00
" " " "	2 15
" " " "	2 30
" " " "	2 45
" " " "	3 00
" " " "	3 15
" " " "	3 30
" " " "	3 45
" " " "	4 00
" " " "	4 15
" " " "	4 30
" " " "	4 45
" " " "	5 00
" " " "	5 15
" " " "	5 30
" " " "	5 45
" " " "	6 00
" " " "	6 15
" " " "	6 30
" " " "	6 45
" " " "	7 00
" " " "	7 15
" " " "	7 30
" " " "	7 45
" " " "	8 00
" " " "	8 15
" " " "	8 30
" " " "	8 45
" " " "	9 00
" " " "	9 15
" " " "	9 30
" " " "	9 45
" " " "	10 00
" " " "	10 15
" " " "	10 30
" " " "	10 45
" " " "	11 00
" " " "	11 15
" " " "	11 30
" " " "	11 45
" " " "	12 00
" " " "	12 15
" " " "	12 30
" " " "	12 45
" " " "	1 00
" " " "	1 15
" " " "	1 30
" " " "	1 45
" " " "	2 00
" " " "	2 15
" " " "	2 30
" " " "	2 45
" " " "	3 00
" " " "	3 15
" " " "	3 30
" " " "	3 45
" " " "	4 00
" " " "	4 15
" " " "	4 30
" " " "	4 45
" " " "	5 00
" " " "	5 15
" " " "	5 30
" " " "	5 45
" " " "	6 00
" " " "	6 15
" " " "	6 30
" " " "	6 45
" " " "	7 00
" " " "	7 15
" " " "	7 30
" " " "	7 45
" " " "	8 00
" " " "	8 15
" " " "	8 30
" " " "	8 45
" " " "	9 00
" " " "	9 15
" " " "	9 30
" " " "	9 45
" " " "	10 00
" " " "	10 15
" " " "	10 30
" " " "	10 45
" " " "	11 00
" " " "	11 15
" " " "	11 30
" " " "	11 45
" " " "	12 00
" " " "	12 15
" " " "	12 30
" " " "	12 45
" " " "	1 00
" " " "	1 15
" " " "	1 30
" " " "	1 45
" " " "	2 00
" " " "	2 15
" " " "	2 30
" " " "	2 45
" " " "	3 00
" " " "	3 15
" " " "	3 30
" " " "	3 45
" " " "	4 00
" " " "	4 15
" " " "	4 30
" " " "	4 45
" " " "	5 00
" " " "	5 15
" " " "	5 30
" " " "	5 45
" " " "	6 00
" " " "	6 15
" " " "	6 30
" " " "	6 45
" " " "	7 00
" " " "	7 15
" " " "	7 30
" " " "	7 45
" " " "	8 00
" " " "	8 15
" " " "	8 30
" " " "	8 45
" " " "	9 00
" " " "	9 15
" " " "	9 30
" " " "	9 45
" " " "	10 00
" " " "	10 15
" " " "	10 30
" " " "	10 45
" " " "	11 00
" " " "	11 15
" " " "	11 30
" " " "	11 45
" " " "	12 00
" " " "	12 15
" " " "	12 30
" " " "	12 45
" " " "	1 00
" " " "	1 15
" " " "	1 30
" " " "	1 45
" " " "	2 00
" " " "	2 15
" " " "	2 30
" " " "	2 45
" " " "	3 00
" " " "	3 15
" " " "	3 30
" " " "	3 45
" " " "	4 00
" " " "	4 15
" " " "	4 30
" " " "	4 45
" " " "	5 00
" " " "	5 15
" " " "	5 30
" " " "	5 45
" " " "	6 00
" " " "	6 15
" " " "	6 30
" " " "	6 45
" " " "	7 00
" " " "	7 15
" " " "	7 30
" " " "	7 45
" " " "	8 00
" " " "	8 15
" " " "	8 30
" " " "	8 45
" " " "	9 00
" " " "	9 15
" " " "	9 30
" " " "	9 45
" " " "	10 00
" " " "	10 15
" " " "	10 30
" " " "	10 45
" " " "	11 00
" " " "	11 15
" " " "	11 30
" " " "	11 45
" " " "	12 00
" " " "	12 15
" " " "	12 30
" " " "	12 45
" " " "	1 00
" " " "	1 15
" " " "	1 30
" " " "	1 45
" " " "	2 00
" " " "	2 15
" " " "	2 30
" " " "	2 45
" " " "	3 00
" " " "	3 15
" " " "	3 30
" " " "	3 45
" " " "	4 00
" " " "	4 15
" " " "	4 30
" " " "	4 45
" " " "	5 00
" " " "	5 15
" " " "	5 30
" " " "	5 45
" " " "	6 00
" " " "	6 15
" " " "	6 30
" " " "	6 45
" " " "	7 00
" " " "	7 15
" " " "	7 30
" " " "	7 45
" " " "	8 00
" " " "	8 15
" " " "	8 30
" " " "	8 45
" " " "	9 00
" " " "	9 15
" " " "	9 30
" " " "	9 45
" " " "	10 00
" " " "	10 15
" " " "	10 30
" " " "	10 45
" " " "	11 00
" " " "	11 15
" " " "	11 30
" " " "	11 45
" " " "	12 00
" " " "	12 15
" " " "	12 30
" " " "	12 45
" " " "	1 00
" " " "	1 15
" " " "	1 30
" " " "	1 45
" " " "	2 00
" " " "	2 15
" " " "	2 30
" " " "	2 45
" " " "	3 00
" " " "	3 15
" " " "	3 30
" " " "	3 45
" " " "	4 00
" " " "	4 15
" " " "	4 30
" " " "	4 45
" " " "	5 00
" " " "	5 15
" " " "	5 30
" " " "	5 45
" " " "	6 00
" " " "	6 15
" " " "	6 30
" " " "	6 45
" " " "	7 00
" " " "	7 15
" " " "	7 30
" " " "	7 45
" " " "	8 00
" " " "	8 15
" " " "	8 30
" " " "	8 45
" " " "	9 00
" " " "	9 15
" " " "	9 30
" " " "	9 45
" " " "	10 00
" " " "	10 15
" " " "	10 30
" " " "	10 45
" " " "	11 00
" " " "	11 15
" " " "	11 30
" " " "	11 45
" " " "	12 00
" " " "	12 15
" " " "	12 30
" " " "	12 45
" " " "	1 00
" " " "	1 15
" " " "	1 30
" " " "	1 45
" " " "	2 00
" " " "	2 15
" " " "	2 30
" " " "	2 45
" " " "	3 00
" " " "	3 15
" " " "	3 30
" " " "	3 45
" " " "	4 00
" " " "	4 15
" " " "	4 30
" " " "	4 45
" " " "	5 00
" " " "	5 15
" " " "	5 30
" " " "	5 45
" " " "	6 00
" " " "	6 15
" " " "	6 30
" " " "	6 45
" " " "	7 00
" " " "	7 15
" " " "	7 30
" " " "	7 45
" " " "	8 00
" " " "	8 15
" " " "	8 30
" " " "	8 45
" " " "	9 00
" " " "	9 15
" " " "	9 30
" " " "	9 45
" " " "	10 00
" " " "	10 15
" " " "	10 30
" " " "	10 45
" " " "	11 00
" " " "	11 15
" " " "	11 30
" " " "	11 45
" " " "	12 00
" " " "	12 15
" " " "	12 30
" " " "	12 45
" " " "	1 00
" " " "	1 15
" " " "	1 30
" " " "	1 45
" " " "	2 00
" " " "	2 15
" " " "	2 30
" " " "	2 45
" " " "	3 00
" " " "	3 15
" " " "	3 30
" " " "	3 45
" " " "	4 00
" " " "	4 15
" " " "	4 30
" " " "	4 45
" " " "	5 00
" " " "	5 15
" " " "	5 30
" " " "	5 45
" " " "	6 00
" " " "	6 15
" " " "	6 30
" " " "	6 45
" " " "	7 00